

The Turnbull Company

139 East Main Street.

TELEPHONE 355-2.

FREE DELIVERY

Reliable Goods at Lower Prices Than Any Other House in Waterbury

Now it is the Prices of Fancy White and Colored Wash Goods, Linens, Cretonnes and Silkoline to be Cut in Two

1 case Tuxedo Cords, fine yard wide soft finished goods, new designs and colorings. For this sale 10c a yard.

1 case figured Lawns, new patterns, value 10c a yard. For this sale 6 1-4c a yard.

Short lengths fine mercerized White Goods, value 39c. For this sale 15c and 19c a yard.

10 pieces all linen Table Damask, 66 to 72 inches wide, regular price 75c a yard. For this sale 45c a yard.

All our 12 1-2c Cretonnes and Silkolines, yard wide goods, all new and beautiful patterns. For this sale 9c a yard.

Grocery Department.

A BIG CUT IN THE PRICE OF THE BEST FLOUR.

100 bbls of Mothers' Flour, as good a flour as there is milled, agents price to-day \$6.25. Our price for this sale \$5.50 per bbl.

GOING BYE-BYE.

And it's hot for the Land of Bye-Bye
Astraddle of papa's knee,
With two big hands for the stirrups
And two little tips for the feet.
And now we are off at a gallop
Thro' meadows and valley and wood,
For a visit to Peter Piper
And Little Red Riding Hood.

And maybe we'll stop at the fairies
Down there in the hazel dell;
For where Papa Horsey will take us
The horse himself can't tell.
And maybe we'll camp in the saddle
And maybe we'll come to market
To where one little pig went to market
And one little piggie stayed home.

But this I know, that so surely
As the littlest piggie could talk,
So surely we'll nod in the saddle
And the gallop will come to a walk
And then we will be at the stable
And tenderly Horsey will stand
While mamma, lovingly leads us
To the dream-decked Lullaby Land.

Oh, rapturous, radiant glamour
That aureoles vanished hours;
Ah, rest for the heart that is weary
And memories sweet as flowers—
Back there in the Land of Bye-Bye
Where the romping fancies roam;
Where one little pig went to market
And one little piggie stayed home.

Travel the big world over,
But none of the scenes I see
Is like to the wondrous places
Where I went on papa's knee.
I want to give all of my journeys
In the wide, wide world of men
For one hour of that dear dead childhood—
I want to go Bye-Bye again!

Maurice Smiley, in Collier's Weekly.

In on the Ground Floor

By WM. H. OSBORNE

(Copyright, 1934, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE underworld in New York is divided into two great classes. First, those who get caught; second, those who don't. The police department, finding it impossible to keep an eye on everybody all the time, had come to the conclusion that Britches Bellman belonged to the latter class. In their hearts they knew that Britches was up to many things; but when they came to sift even one of these things to the bottom invariably they found themselves woefully weak when it came to evidence.

"Evidence," snorted Britches; "I ain't got no use for it. I don't want none of it around me. To — with evidence."

Now, Britches Bellman, being a citizen of the underworld, had come to the conclusion that for a part of the time, at least, such a citizen ought to reside underneath the ground. He got this idea one day when he was passing the County National bank. In front of the

County National bank was a ditch. This ditch is called the subway.

"Geel!" said Britches Bellman, knocking himself on the side of the head. "Get down in that hole, just where you belong."

Now, if Britches hadn't been an extraordinary kind of a man, he never could have pulled off the little scheme that filled his head. But he was anything and everything, from an A-1 con man down to the lowest kind of a strong-arm. In a high hat and a frock coat he was superb; in a business suit, he was all matter of fact; in a slouch hat, he could scare the wits out of a belated rich old party by just looking at him.

One day a genteel looking personage called at the office of the subway contractors and announced that the County National bank (which, by the way, was backed by the democratic boss) had concluded to strengthen its underpinning just a bit. He produced a letter apparently on the letter head of the bank, signed apparently by its president. He was courteously received, as, of course, any representative of the boss's bank would have to be, and he left bearing with him the written direction of the contractor to the section foreman to permit the workmen of the County bank to make any necessary excavation in the subway. This genteel looking personage, it cannot be denied, looked extremely like Mr. Britches Bellman. A day later a rough, honest looking workman, wearing a union button and dressed in toil-stained overalls, handed the letter to the section foreman, together with another letter from the bank, stated casually that he and Sam Parks had known each other all their respective lives, borrowed a chew of tobacco, and started in to work.

The work he was about to do he had all planned out on a sheet of rough drafting paper. It was to cut a square hole four by four from the subway in front of the foundation of the bank.

"The bank," he said to the foreman, "ain't so much afraid of going up as it is of fallin' down. Its pins is weak, or somethin'."

In five hours the genial Mr. Bellman had made himself the most popular man in the ditch. He talked to everybody, sympathized with everybody, jollied everybody.

But he was a good workman and he understood his business. But he insisted upon one thing. Every night, when he left his job, he carefully covered up the mouth of the hole he was making with a pile of dirt.

"Some fellow," he explained to the foreman, "might take a notion to finish up my job some night and go clean through the bank, outside and in." The foreman expectorated.

"Geel!" said the foreman, "that's so. I never thought of it." He scratched his head and grinned.

"I s'pose," he added, "that I might take a hack at it myself some night. What d'ye think?"

Britches Bellman, honest workman, shook his head. "If you talk that way," he said, smiling, "I'll have to set a plain clothes man on top of you. I got to take care of that there bank, and no mistake." He caught the other by the arm. "Say," went on Britches Bellman, "it's a blamed good thing you chaps down here are honest. If you weren't—say, think of the whole lot of banks here on Broadway—you could put the whole lot, almost, and nobody wouldn't know the difference, not until," he added, "not until they found out."

"And when they found out?" suggested the foreman.

"There'd be a hot time," returned Britches. He scratched his head again. "Now, look a—here," he went on, "that raises a very nice, delicate, important question in my mind. It seems to me that I'll have to get the bank to put a night watchman down here to set in front of that there hole. It won't go to have any two-legged rats a-burrowin' there when I'm away. I naturally gotter keep the bank protected, because—because," he added softly, to himself, "I'd like to know, if some chap got in ahead of me."

It so happened, therefore, that by permission of the section foreman a burly night watchman came on an hour after Britches left. This night watchman had a bushy beard. Otherwise he had the same proportions of Mr. Britches Bellman. "In course," the night watchman assured himself, "the union wouldn't stand for me workin' day and night, so I gotter plaster on the make-up. And I gotter watch that hole to see she don't get away from me. For when a hole gets away from a man—especially a hole like this one—it ain't no easy job to get another."

Mr. Bellman had worked only a few days and a few nights when he struck something with his spade that gave him joy.

"If this ain't a vein of gold bearing ore," said Mr. Britches. "I'll wager it's the underground part of the County bank's underpinnings; and if it's that, why then it is a vein of gold."

He was right. It was a portion of the bank's cellar wall. He hastily covered it up, hung around until the whistle blew, then he left and, returning later in the evening, brought with him a new set of sharp tools.

"I'll get this job finished by morning," said this night watchman, "or I'm a Dutchman."

He removed a layer of tar coating; then a layer of cement. Then he struck the bricks.

"Now," he said to himself, "if she ain't more than three feet thick I'll have her through in no time. That's what."

But that wall was a blank wall, and it had been laid many, many years before, when there were no trade unions, and no employers' associations, and when cement and bricks were cement and bricks. When the first gray streaks of dawn had appeared in the sky above the subway Britches had not finished. But he judged from the sound his hammer made that there was but one layer of bricks still to be removed.

"To-morrow night," said Britches to himself, "to-night, I mean, why—the trick'll be turned to a T. And no mistake."

He took a day off and rested up. He was made of flesh and blood and he was tired. But that night he started in, refreshed in mind and body. A deep peace was upon him, for he knew that in 20 minutes he would be inside the bank. And there was no man in the whole world who understood the inside of a bank as well as Britches Bellman.

One by one he loosed the bricks; he was right; it was the last layer. Little by little the hole widened. He struck his head inside. It was dark as pitch. He was prepared for this; prepared with a dark lantern.

"Now," he finally explained, a huge joy possessing him, "now, here I am." The hole was just wide enough to admit his body, and he pulled himself carefully through and dropped down to the inside floor.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed Mr. Britches Bellman, softly, "this is nuts, for fair."

He didn't want to show a light. So he groped his way carefully about across what seemed to be a little room. It was, as he suspected, a coal cellar. He crossed it, and the boiler room; picked a lock and entered still another room. In this room he walked into a wall and stepped back suddenly. As he did so his heel trod upon something soft.

Suddenly the room was flooded with a bright white light. Britches gasped and looked behind him.

"You stepped on my corn," growled a voice in his ear. It was the voice of a very big man. This big man placed his hand upon Mr. Bellman's shoulder. Then Bellman looked in front of him. Two other men were looking on, smoking cigars. They wore blue uniforms and brass buttons. They smiled on Britches Bellman.

"Is this the gentleman," said one, archly, "who has no use for evidence?" Bellman gasped again. "The bank," said another, "has been a-watchin' you for two days; they wanted to stop you, but we wanted you to go on, until you finished the—the job."

"Geel!" gasped Bellman, holding out his wrists, "I—I finished it, all right."

PERSONALITY OF THE CZAR.

Cunning Ministers Saddle Off Load of Detail Work to Prevent Meddling with State Policy.

The question is often asked why the czar is unable to exert more real personal influence in the government of the country where he is supposed to be absolute autocrat. A curious hint of the limitations imposed on him is given by a writer in a late number of the Fortnightly Review:

"The amusements of the czar are few. He is fond of photography, sometimes indulges in a mood for the making of melancholy verse, and, as was said in a previous place, he is an adept with the cycle. When at Gatchina he is in the habit of cycling by himself for a portion of every day, but at Peterhof the work brought down from St. Petersburg, and the constant interviews with ministers and officials, consume the whole of his time, and a light in his majesty's writing room may be seen far into the night as he labors with the mountain of papers that are dispatched to him by cunning ministers, who are resolved to surround the young czar with a parapet of detail in order to prevent his mastery of the larger questions affecting Russian policy. The czar is a kindly, saddened, overworked and unhappy man. His desire to do his duty compels him to engage in an unceasing struggle with details which are never overtaken. In this struggle he is helped by one of the best and noblest women, whose virtues are derived through her mother from Queen Victoria."

"Feeling" Music.

In "feeling" music the sound is conducted from the instrument to the person by means of electric wires. Instead of the sound waves merely knocking on the tympanum of the ear, as in listening to music, the waves of harmony course clear through the body, so that the tune is felt from head to foot. This device can be attached to any kind of musical instrument, so that one can feel a piano, phonograph, guitar, banjo, or an organ play, or feel the blowing of a cornet or a trombone, and if a wire could be attached to every horn a person could feel the music of a brass band. Those who have practiced "feeling" music have demonstrated that they can easily discriminate between the feeling of different airs as well as of different instruments. They could readily distinguish the feeling of "Home, Sweet Home," from "My Ragtime Chime," although they were separated from the instrument by walls so thick that the music could not possibly be heard.

Possibilities in Mesopotamia.

The soil of Mesopotamia is one of the most fertile in the world, and the climate would readily permit of two crops annually. Oil springs are frequent, and there is every probability that the subterranean wealth of the province could easily make it a rival of Baku or Pennsylvania. There are ancient quarries of gypsum, sandstone and the finest white marble, while the mountains contain deposits of iron, copper, lead and gold.

Wear the Price Marks.

In southern Italy one of the peculiar customs of the peasants is the wearing of price marks on new suits of clothes. Whereas in other countries the dealers' ticket and tag are removed the moment the suit is bought, in the sunny toe and heel of the European "boot" they are fastened on the tighter and worn until they fall off.

"Jeb" Stuart's Last Rally

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

May 8-11, 1864

(Copyright, 1934, by G. L. Kilmer.)

ON the evening of May 8, 1864, the infantry of the Federal army under Grant was gathering around Spotsylvania Court House, Va., where Lee had taken position to block the pathway to Richmond. During the night General Phil Sheridan put his whole cavalry force in motion to move past the Confederate army where it lay and march on the enemy's capital. There are no official reports to show the object of this expedition. General Grant in his report says, "General Sheridan started on a raid against the enemy's communications with Richmond." In the narrative of his "Personal Memoirs" General Grant states that the object was threefold—to cut the Confederate lines of supply and telegraphic communications, seize and destroy stores on the way to Lee's army and draw off "Jeb" Stuart's cavalry so as to protect the Federal trains from their forays. Sheridan says in his report that he was ordered to attack the enemy's cavalry and make his way to Butler's army, then on the James river between Richmond and Petersburg.

Sheridan organized his corps into three divisions under Generals D. McMe Gregg, James H. Wilson and A. T. A. Torbert. Gregg was an experienced cavalryman and had led his division in many hard campaigns. Torbert had served in infantry in the Sixth corps, having been at first a colonel of a New Jersey regiment in General Kearny's brigade. Wilson had served on engineer duty. The brigade leaders were Generals George A. Custer, Wesley Merritt, Henry E. Davies and Colonel Thomas C. Devin. J. Irvin Gregg, T. M. Bryan and George H. Chapman. There were also twelve batteries of horse artillery, two of which accompanied each division constantly, leaving a brigade of six in reserve for emergencies. At the outset of the campaign on the Rapidan the cavalry corps had numbered about 12,000 men, but the losses in the engagements around the Wilderness had reduced the number present for duty to about 10,000 at the time the raid commenced. Up to this time Sheridan's corps had performed the duty of guarding the flanks of the army.

On the morning of the 9th the cavalry, reaching with its trains and batteries over a dozen miles, started rapidly along the direct road between Fredericksburg and Richmond, some distance south of Spotsylvania. The Confederate pickets reported the move-

one that must bring them across Sheridan's path.

After resting the horses a few hours at Hanover Junction, Stuart took up the march to Yellow Tavern, a point on a road called Brook pike (but merely a continuation of the telegraph road from Fredericksburg to Richmond). Sheridan's course was now west of this line, but it was the only through route open to him, and during the forenoon of the 11th Stuart's outposts met Sheridan's leading brigade, under Devin, and, falling back, drew him on to Yellow Tavern. Stuart now sent an aid to Richmond to consult with General Bragg, who was now chief of staff of the Confederate army. Bragg was confident that he could hold the Richmond fortifications with the irregular troops (militia and minutemen) then in Richmond.

Sheridan pressed on his whole leading division under Torbert and attempted to clear the telegraph road of the Confederates, but was repulsed. As soon as Stuart heard from Bragg he placed his two brigades across the road at right angles, Wickham on the right and Lomax on the left, with two cannon in the road and the remaining guns of a battery on a hill commanding the field. Torbert's whole division of three brigades confronted Stuart, and Wilson's division formed on his left in support. Custer's Michigan brigade of Torbert's division was in front of Wilson and was opposite to the cannon which Stuart had planted on the hill.

Stuart's men were all dismounted excepting the First Virginia cavalry, which was held in reserve. The Fifth and Sixth Michigan regiments, also dismounted, charged on foot and drove Stuart's men, but there was a stubborn Confederate battery in the way of complete success, Johnston's Baltimore-light artillery. Custer sent in the First Michigan cavalry to take the guns by a saber charge.

There were three fences between the charging troopers and the battery, also a deep stream having but one bridge, but the Wolverines rode out in squadrons, filed over the bridge and through gaps made in the fences, lining for the charge within 200 yards of the guns. The advance squadron dashed upon the battery with a yell and took two of the pieces, the leader, Major Howrigan, reaching the guns first. He was shot in the arm.

Stuart's men retired after this disaster to a new position stronger than the first. Custer then threw in the Seventh Michigan to support the First, and the line charged to the very muzzles of the cannon. Stuart in person now rushed to the scene to save the day. Rallying around him about 100 of his men, he opened fire with pistols upon Custer's line. At the same instant the First Virginia cavalry charged upon Custer's men, driving them back abreast of Stuart's little band. In the confusion of this melee Stuart was shot from his saddle. He died next day.

Stuart's fate, like that of many a great soldier, shows how death is a matter of chance in war as well as elsewhere. In the annals of the Michigan brigade it is said that the fatal shot was fired by Private John A. Huff of Company E, Fifth regiment. When Custer's line moved forward, following up the victorious charge of the First and the capture of the guns, the Fifth marched on the flank of the First. Stuart was then eighty rods away. One of the Michigan troopers shot at the Confederate leader and missed him. Huff watched the luckless attempt and said to his commander, Colonel Alger, "I can fetch that man."

"Try him," said the colonel. One shot was enough, and Huff said coolly to Alger, "There's a spread eagle for you."

Huff was a prize marksman and earlier in the war had served with the famous Berdan's sharpshooters. He was mortally wounded in the next battle of his regiment, May 28, 1864.

Nerved to desperation by the fall of their leader, the Confederates who had rallied around Stuart held their ground against Custer, although other brigades of the division, moving around the flank, reached the pike in their rear. Meanwhile the Confederate brigade led by General James B. Gordon came down in rear of Sheridan's position and charged boldly down the pike, where Gregg's division was guarding the trains. Gordon was killed in the charge, and his command was scattered. Fitz-Hugh Lee withdrew his troops toward Richmond during the night, followed by Sheridan up to the outer line of fortifications.

The objects attained by Sheridan's movement thus far were that he had drawn off three brigades of cavalry from Lee's army and prevented the recurrence of those raids in the rear of the Federal army operating against Lee, for which Stuart's command had long been famous. Stuart was an able cavalry leader and had made a great reputation for daring and effective work. His soldiers were eastern men, from Virginia and the Carolinas, and they were good horsemen and supplied their own animals, exchanging worn-out horses for fresh ones at the end of every hard campaign. At this time Stuart's force was inferior to that of his opponent, but he himself and his followers were at home in the region of the operations going on at this time.

Stuart's full name was James Ewell Brown Stuart, and the first three initials were combined to make the well known nickname "Jeb."

GEORGE L. KILMER.



THE SHOOTING OF "JEB" STUART.

TIME TABLE.

HIGHLAND DIVISION.

Trains leave Meadow street station for Boston, Hartford and way stations at 7:00 and 8:35 a. m.; 12:35, 3:20, 8:07 p. m.

Trains arrive at Meadow street station from Boston, Hartford and way stations at 8:05, 11:40 a. m.; 1:45, 8:20 and 7:38 p. m.

Trains leave Meadow street station for New York, Fishkill Landing, Danbury and way stations at 8:15 a. m. and 1:50 and 6:24 p. m.

Trains arrive at Meadow street station from New York, Fishkill Landing, Danbury and way stations at 8:38 a. m.; 12:34 and 8:04 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Leave Meadow street station at 8:30, 10:05 a. m.; 2:00, 5:05 and 7:00 p. m.

Arrive at Meadow street station at 8:50, 11:30 a. m.; 4:50, 6:50 and 8:20 p. m.

NAUGATUCK DIVISION.

Trains leave Bank street station for New York, Bridgeport, New Haven and other places south at 6:35, 7:55, 10:52 a. m.; 1:40, 3:05, 4:40, 6:15 and 8:00 p. m.

Trains arrive at Bank street station from New York, Bridgeport, New Haven and way stations at 7:14, 8:29, 9:05, 10:58 a. m.; 1:24, 3:40, 5:20, 6:30, 6:48, 8:48 p. m.; 12:29 a. m.

Trains leave Bank street station for Winsted and way stations at 8:25, 10:59 a. m.; 3:41, 5:22 (Waterbury only), 6:48 and 8:35 p. m.

Trains arrive at Bank street station from Winsted and way stations at 6:35, 7:55, 10:52 a. m.; 3:05, 5:47 (Waterbury), 6:15 p. m.

Trains leave Bank street station for Watertown and way stations at 6:45, 8:28, 1:08 a. m.; 1:30, 3:45, 5:10, 6:15, 6:33, 8:53 and 11:20 p. m.

Trains arrive at Bank street station from Watertown and way stations at 6:40, 7:47, 10:31 a. m.; 1:00, 2:56, 4:30, 5:52, 6:44, 7:45, 11:16 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Leave Bank street station for New York, Bridgeport and New Haven at 7:05, 8:30 a. m.; 1:30, 5:11 and 8:00 p. m.

Arrive at Bank street station from New York, Bridgeport and New Haven at 8:33 a. m.; 1:13, 7:52, 9:33 p. m.

Leave Bank street station for Watertown and way stations at 9:53 a. m. and 8:03 p. m.

Arrive at Bank street station from Watertown and way stations at 6:38 a. m. and 4:58 p. m.

MERIDEN BRANCH.

Trains leave Bank street station for Middletown and way stations at 9:05 a. m. and 6:15 p. m.

Trains arrive at Bank street station from Middletown and way stations at 7:50 a. m. and 9:55 p. m.

Trains leave Bank street station for New Haven by way of Cheshire at 7:00, 8:43, 11:10 a. m.; 1:50, 4:01 p. m.

Trains arrive at Bank street station from New Haven by way of Cheshire at 9:33 a. m.; 1:55, 5:20, 7:00, 1:45 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Leave Bank street station for New Haven by way of Cheshire at 7:50 a. m.; 5:50 p. m.

Arrive at Bank street station from New Haven by way of Cheshire at 9:50 a. m.; 8:50 p. m.

FIRE ALARM.

4—Cor South Main and Grand sts.
5—Scovill Manufacturing Co. (P)
6—Cor Bridge and Magill sts.
7—Exchange Place.
12—Rogers & Bro. (P)
13—Cor East Main and Niagara sts.
14—Cor East Main and Wolcott road.
15—Cor Cor High and Walnut sts.
16—Cor East Main and Cherry sts.
17—Cor East Main and Cole sts.
21—Cor North Elm and Embury sts.
22—Burton street engine house.
23—Waterbury Manufacturing Co. (P)
24—Cor North Main and North sts.
25—Cor Buckingham and Cooke sts.
27—Cor Grove and Prospect sts.
28—Cor Middlebury avenue and Pine sts.
29—Cor Ludlow and N. Willow sts.
31—Cor Bank and Grand sts.
32—Cor Riverside and Bank sts.
34—Cor W. Main and Watertown rd.
35—Conn Ry & Ltg Co. car h'se (P)
36—Waterbury Brass Co. (P)
37—Cor Cedar and Meadow sts.
38—Cor Grand and Field sts.
42—Cor South Main and Clay sts.
43—New England Watch Co. (P)
45—Benedict & Burnham Mfg Co. (P)
46—Waterbury Buckle Co. (P)
47—Cor Main and Washington sts.
51—Cor Baldwin and River sts.
52—Cor Franklin and Union sts.
53—Waterbury Clock Co. case fac. (P)
54—Cor Clay and Mill sts.
56—Cor Liberty and River sts.
57—No 5 hose house.
58—Cor Baldwin and Stone sts.
62—Cor Doolittle alley and Dublin sts.
72—Cor West Main and Willow sts.
73—North Willow st. cor Hillside.
74—Cor Johnson and Waterville sts.
102—Walcott st. beyond Howard.
102—Cor East Main and Wolcott sts.
173—East Main street, opposite Polk's.
212—The Platt Bros Co. (P)
212—Hammond Buckle Co. (P)
214—Waterbury Clock Co. m't'g fac. (P)
216—Cor North Main and Grove sts.
231—Cor North Elm and N. Main sts.
232—Junction Cooke and N. Main sts.
263—Cor Abbott and Phoenix avenues.
267—Grove, bet Central & Holmes avs.
271—S. N. E. Telephone Co. building (P)
312—Cor Bank and Meadow sts.
313—Randolph & Clowes (P)
314—Thompson & Co. (P)
315—American Rine Co. (P)
316—Electric Light Station (P)
318—Holmes, Routh & Haydens (P)
321—No 4 Hose House.
323—Cor Washington ave & Porter sts.
324—Cor Charles and Porter sts.
325—Cor Simons & Washington avs.
371—City Lumber & Coal Co. (P)
412—Tracy Bros (P)
452—Cor Liberty and S. Main sts.
451—Steele & Johnson Mfg Co. (P)
552—Cor Baldwin and Bye sts.
(P) Private.

SIGNALS.

1. One stroke calls superintendent to the City hall.
1-1. Two strokes, fire out, recall.
1-1-1. Three strokes, 12 m. p. m.
1-1-1-1-1-1-1. Ten strokes quick will indicate a general alarm and will call the entire force into service.

SAVE YOUR DISCOUNT.

The Democrat subscription is \$3 per year and if paid in advance a discount of 10 per cent is allowed. Or those preferring to take advantage of our magazine offer can have the Woman's Home Companion, a magazine that ranks with the best sent to their address free of charge. Bills are sent to subscribers at the beginning of the term, so that those who wish can take advantage of the offer.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Over 60 years old! Think of it! Honesty, merit, power to cure, these are the reasons. Ask your doctor.

J.C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.